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A

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

SURE GUIDE TO HELL.

[Price Sixpence.]

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IN

A LETTER of APPROBATION from *BELZEBUB*, Prince of the infernal Regions, to a favourite Subject on Earth.

WHEREIN

His PLEASURE is further declared in ſeveral peremptory COMMANDS:

TOGETHER WITH

His PARAPHRASE on each COMMAND.

To do ought Good never ſhall be thy *Taſk*;
But ever to do Ill thy *ſole Delight.*

MILTON.

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SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

A

A LETTER OF APPROBATION, &c.

Tartarus, 3d Day, 3d Month.

SIR,

IT is with inexpreſſible Pleaſure that I, from my ſulphurous Throne, behold and ſurvey all the Thoughts and Actions of Mankind upon Earth. Never were any Subjects more obedient to their Prince, which I ſhall ever gratefully acknowledge; and, as a Reward for your Obedience, I hereby promiſe and declare to beſtow on you, and all and each of you,

an eternal and ever-blazing Fire; not like thoſe Fires which you Mortals have upon Earth; but of ſo pure an Element, that it ſhall burn to all Eternity without conſuming.

But ſtill there are ſome few (notwithſtanding my former Inſtructions) who are ſo prone to Religion, Honeſty, Sobriety, Charity, Chaſtity, Patience, and ſuch like *damnable Sins*, that I am abſolutely deſpiſed by them; which occaſioned me to add this Supplement to my former Diſcourſe, leſt they ſhould be ignorant of the Pleaſures of ſome modern Scenes of Wickedneſs, as well as their eternal Reward; and I have here under declared my ſovereign Will in ſeveral peremptory Commands, which I deſire may be made publick, that all the Earth may be acquainted therewith: For though my former Inſtructions have had a very good Effect, yet there are many Deficiencies in them; but I have now made ſuch neceſſary Additions as will render them quite a complete, infallible Guide to Hell.

I.

If thou art offended by any Perſon, endeavour, by any Means, to be revenged.

II.

II.

INDULGE the *Body*, but take no Care of the *Soul*; leave that to me.

III.

To the LADIES.

WEAR no Handkerchiefs, but let your NECKS and BREASTS be quite bare.

IV.

To the LAWYERS.

IF you are well feed, ſwear that BLACK is WHITE.

V.

To PARENTS.

IF you have Children, ſhew your Affection for them by indulging them in Idleneſs.

VI.

IF thou canſt conveniently entice another Man's Wife from her Huſband's Bed to thine, do it, and I will reward thee.

VII.

If you ſhould happen to labour under Poverty, Afflictions, *&c.* ſhew your Reſentment by repining and exclaiming againſt *Providence*.

VIII.

To Buck-Wits.

Never loſe an Opportunity of making a witty *Jeſt* or *Repartee*, whether *obſcene*, *blaſphemous*, or to the *irreparable Injury* of the *beſt* Friend you have in the World.

The better to enable my loving Subjects to underſtand my Meaning, and to remove from them all Manner of Doubts, I ſhall proceed with a ſhort Paraphraſe and Explanation of each Command, and anſwer all the Objections made againſt them. The firſt is thus:

If thou art offended by any Perſon, endeavour, by any Means, to be revenged.

Never regard what any-body ſays about that damnable Chriſtian Sin of Charity; it is my Averſion. No Man of a noble Satan-like Spirit would ſuffer himſelf to be impoſed upon without reſenting it: It ſhews a narrow, baſe, cowardly

cowardly Diſpoſition. I know that thoſe who are my profeſſed Enemies, and whoſe Buſineſs it is to preach againſt me, will teach you to oppoſe Bleſſings and Prayers to your hotteſt Perſecutors, and put up with the greateſt Injuries without complaining; alledging, that there is that inward Pleaſure and Satisfaction to be felt in forgiving our Enemies which Words are inſufficient to expreſs; and that Malice and Revenge conſtantly produce, both to our Minds and Bodies, the moſt ſhameful Diſgrace and racking Uneaſineſs.

But, is it not beneath the Dignity of a Man (like a fawning Sycophant, who is ſupported merely for his Flattery) to kiſs the Hand that ſtrikes him, and return the Giver thanks for his Blow? And every reaſonable Man muſt confeſs, that it is as great a Madneſs to do kind Offices to a Perſon who is continually aiming at your Deſtruction.

Your ignorant Moraliſts will alſo tell ye, that a Soul embittered with Revenge is a perpetual Seat of War—That whatſoever diſturbs the calm, eaſy, and ſerene Courſe of your Paſſions, muſt certainly make ye miſerable—That the Life of an angry, revengeful Man is all over Storm and Tempeſt, like a troubled Sea, whoſe

whoſe Waters are agitated with tempeſtuous Winds—That he is an entire Stranger to Peace, and all the bleſſed Fruits and Effects of it—— That his Mind is continually reſtleſs and uneaſy, toſſed to and fro with the violent Force of unruly Paſſions, which hurry him many Times to the Commiſſion of Sins which are of a very miſchievous Conſequence.

But this is all a Farce! a Humbug! calculated to injure me, and leſſen the Number of my Subjects, by drawing them from their Obedience to my eaſy Commands. And I hereby declare, and reſolve, to ſhut the adamantine Gates of Hell againſt all ſuch inſolent Wretches as ſhall be ſo abandoned to advance ſuch ſcandalous Doctrine.—But to proceed to the ſecond Command:

Indulge the Body, but take no Care of the Soul; leave that to me.

The temperate Man will perhaps tell ye, that you ought not to indulge your Appetites beyond what Nature has intended for the well-being of your Bodies; becauſe Health is the

Foundation

Foundation of all other Enjoyments, and is therefore more valuable than all other Poſſeſſions put together. But the worthy *Epicure* has nobler Thoughts—" Let us *eat* and *drink*," ſays he, " for To-morrow we die—Why did the " Gods give us Life but to enjoy it? Without " Luxury Life would be a Burthen, and not " worthy our Acceptance—Let us invent not on- " ly what will pleaſe the *Palate*, but alſo what " will excite *Luſt*, that we may be able to enjoy " the Pleaſures of *Adultery* and *Fornication* in the " greateſt Perfection—Wine whets the Appetite " for Luſt, and the Gratification of Luſt is " the moſt certain Method, by creating Thirſt, " to give a pleaſant Reliſh to our Wine."

THIS is nobly ſpoken!—Such a Man is fit for Hell; and when he arrives there, I ſhall confer on him the honourable Title of Viſcount *Brimſtone*, and grant him a Habitation in the hotteſt Place.

YOUR Divines may perhaps cenſure ye for ſpending ſo much Time, and taking ſo much Care about the Body, or to gratify the Luſts of the Fleſh (as they call it); telling ye, it is the greateſt

greateſt Degree of Imprudence to take ſo much Thought about that vile Part, the Body, which is the Seat of Pains, and the moſt noiſome Diſeaſes; and to neglect the moſt valuable Part, the Soul, which is of ineſtimable Worth, on Account of its noble Faculties; and that it is to exiſt to all Eternity. They will alſo tell ye to avoid *my* Craftineſs, and the alluring Pleaſures of Sin, becauſe the Wages of it is eternal Death.

BUT all theſe Aſſertions are abſolutely falſe. With me, they ſhall have *eternal Life*, and an *eternal Fire* to warm themſelves by; the Fuel of which is the moſt ambroſial ſweet-ſmelling Sulphur.

NOW I propoſe to explain the third Command, which concerns the Ladies only.

Wear no Handkerchiefs; but let your Necks and Breaſts be quite bare.

IF Ladies are fair, it is a ſufficient Excuſe for their being naked; otherwiſe Nature's Liberality is entirely loſt upon them. Why ſhould

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any Lady be aſhamed to ſhew the moſt beautiful Part ſhe has about her? Beſides, it is the Proof of a generous Diſpoſition, to delight the Eyes of admiring Beholders with ſuch a charming luſcious Sight. It is a Faſhion that I am exceſſive fond of; and it is my Command, that every Lady throughout *Great Britain*, and elſewhere, ſhall perſevere in it. It daily increaſes my Subjects; for ſuch beautiful heaving ſnowy-white Pillows muſt cauſe Admiration; Admiration produces Luſt; Luſt creates Deſire; and, if it be impracticable to have ſuch Deſires allayed by the tempting Object, I immediately put it in their Heads to repair to *Bridges-Street* or *Drury-Lane* (which is the direct Road to my Territories) where they may enjoy the Luſt of the Fleſh in full Perfection, without the leaſt Interruption or Reſtraint.

I CONFESS that there are ſome prudiſh Enemies of mine who would perſuade my Subjects, that nothing beſtows ſo much Beauty on a Woman as Modeſty; and that it has more Charms than even the Bloom of Youth.

And the Divines affirm, that Immodeſty (as they call it) is ſo abominable, by heating the Fancies, and enflaming the Deſires of impetuous Youth, that it will conſume both Body and Soul; and that a Dreſs put on with this Deſign is not only blameable, but damnable, without Repentance.

But I hope none of my female Subjects are ſo ignorant as to take any Notice either of Prudes or Divines: For I think there needs very few Arguments to prove, that Hell is a State of Bliſs and Happineſs; there being, at this Time, upwards of three Parts in four of earthly Inhabitants on the Road to it, and (as the Vulgar phraſe it) travelling as faſt as if *I* was in them.—But to proceed: My *fourth* Command is to the Lawyers, in the following Words:

If you are well feed, ſwear that Black *is* White.

When a Lawyer is employed to ſolicit a Cauſe, and has proper Fees given him, even though his Client's Claim ſhould be quite contrary

trary to Juſtice and Equity, it is my Command that he endeavour to deprive the other Party of his Right, by ſtrenuouſly oppoſing him with Eloquence of Expreſſion, and a noble Aſſurance; artfully covering the weak Place in his Client's Title, and finding a ſkilful Refuge to palliate a Falſhood.

I MUST confeſs, that my *Friends*, the *Lawyers*, are already ſo very obedient, that there is little or no Occaſion for this Command; for they are my beſt Advocates upon Earth. However, leſt ſome few of them may have been perſuaded to deſert me, by that profeſſed Enemy of mine, *Conſcience*; it is my peremptory Command, that they immediately return to their Obedience, on Pain of my Diſpleaſure, and finally loſing a glorious Poſſeſſion in my everlaſting Kingdom.

SOME reaſoning Fools would make ye believe, that the Law is only neceſſary where *Juſtice* muſt be exerted; and, that a Lawyer is to be eſteemed only as he employeth his Parts in contending for Juſtice; but is very deſpicable when he ap-

pears in a Cauſe which he cannot but know is villainous and unjuſt.

THIS is as much as to affirm, that all the Gentlemen of the Law are downright Knaves and Villains: For, I am inclinable to think, there is not ſo much as one of that honourable Profeſſion, either at the Bar or upon the Bench, who, for the Sake of a Fee, have not frequently argued againſt their Reaſon and Conſcience. And ſo they ought to do if they are paid for it. Such Men are fit for my *Law-Courts*, and ſhall all have exalted Places and Titles of Honour *there*, according as they excel in doing ſuch worthy Acts of Injuſtice here upon Earth. But all ſuch abominable Miſcreants as dare exclaim againſt them, I hereby forbid ever to approach the Throne of my infernal Majeſty, on pain of being hurled headlong into Heaven.

My next Command is to Parents:

If you have Children, ſhew your Affection for them by indulging them in Idleneſs.

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IT is a Proverb among thoſe Fools who are my Enemies, *That he that does* nothing *will quickly learn to do* evil; and, *That Idleneſs is the Mother of all Miſchief.* And ſome ſay, that to be employed with honeſt Buſineſs is the greateſt Security againſt *my* Temptations: That the Soul will find ſomething or other to work upon; and if it be not employed about what is honeſt and lawful, it will quickly exert its Activity upon diſhoneſt and unlawful Things. That the Time which is allotted them is valuable beyond Expreſſion; and, that on the Management thereof depends their eternal Happineſs or Miſery.

OTHERS ſay, That Parents are not only obliged to provide for their Children Money, Lands, *&c.* but they muſt alſo provide them with Abilities of Body and Mind, to preſerve and uſe the Benefits they intend to beſtow upon them: They muſt accuſtom them whilſt young to Application and Attention to Buſineſs; Things neceſſary to Poor and Rich. And,

THAT

THAT the Poor can never well discharge the Duty of Parents to their Children, without inuring them to Labour and Hardship; that being the only Provision they are capable of making for them, it is an Obligation. For, though Idleness may please them for the present, yet it entails perpetual Misery, and often untimely Death, by engaging them in wicked Courses, the ready Road to Ruin; whereas the bringing them up to Labour keeps them at least in Sufficiency, if not in Plenty, and puts them into a Capacity of rubbing through many Difficulties, and bettering their Condition of Life.

AND concerning the richer Sort of People, let such be mindful that they never educate their Children above the Provision they are able to make for them; for that must be the best Provision for Children which will be useful in all Conditions. So the richest Parents living are guilty of a notorious Fault, if they express their Tenderness for their Children by indulging

ing them in Idleneſs, though they have made ever ſo large a Proviſion for them.

THIS is charming Doctrine indeed!—What if a Man is bleſſed with Children, he muſt ſhew his Tenderneſs for them by Severity, and treating them like Slaves!

IF he ſpends all his Days in Toil and Labour for the Enjoyment of his Children after his Deceaſe, he muſt bring them up and educate them in ſuch a Manner, that they may have no Occaſion for it!—Pſhaw, pſhaw! Can any Thing on Earth be a greater Folly?—— This is like the Man in the Fable, who bought himſelf ſeveral Suits of Cloaths becauſe he had made a Reſolution to go naked.

IN ſhort, if Parents have a Deſire to merit my Eſteem, or that their Children ſhould go to Hell, *Idleneſs* is a broad Turnpike-Road to both.—But to proceed to the ſixth Command:

If thou canſt conveniently entice another Man's Wife from her Huſband's Bed to thine, do it; and I will reward thee.

My Enemies may perhaps cenſure ye for ſo doing, and call it an Act of Injuſtice, not only to the Man, but alſo to his Wife; becauſe ſhe is thereby robbed of her Innocency, and deluded into the Highway of eternal Damnation.

And your Puritans will tell ye, that Marriage requires mutual Fidelity, and the Performance of their Promiſe made to forſake all other Perſons, and adhere cloſely to each other ſo long as they both ſhall live; and in the Violation of it there is both Injuſtice and Perjury, becauſe they break a ſolemn Promiſe, and do an irreparable Injury; and therefore any Perſon, who prevaileth on a Woman ſo to offend againſt that holy Contract, not only robs *her* of eternal Happineſs, and plunges *her* into eternal Miſery; but alſo draweth down a moſt heavy Judgment upon *himſelf*.

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THEY may likwiſe tell ye, that no greater Injuſtice can be done to the Huſband than to rob him of the Love and Faithfulneſs which is due to him from the Wife of his Boſom, and overwhelming him (if it be diſcovered) with the moſt anxious Pains of Jealouſy. Beſides, the World is ſo unjuſt as to add to his Sorrow, by reproaching him with Scorn and Contempt, only becauſe he is injured. And what can it be called leſs than Theft and Robbery, ſhould the injured Huſband be obliged to provide for a ſpurious Offspring of his Wife's adulterous Practices?—And other ill Conſequences attend this *Vice* (as they call it,) for it ſeparates the moſt intimate Friends and neareſt Relations; lays the Foundation of inextricable Confuſions, and implacable Diſſentions in Families, and oftentimes occaſions publick Contentions, Murders, and Seditions; ſo that hardly from any other Cauſe have iſſued greater and more tragical Events: Therefore no Perſon ſhould ſuffer his Eyes to fix on a forbidden Object; for he that indulges any of his Senſes, ſo far as to excite any Deſire of forbidden Pleaſures, defiles his Soul therewith: And they that would pre-

ſerve their Innocence muſt keep their Eyes, their Ears, and their Hands chaſte; that is, they muſt neither look upon, read, hear, nor touch any Thing that may inflame or diſpoſe them, in any Manner, to gratify their ſinful Paſſions.

But I hope my Subjects have more Wiſdom than to regard ſuch conſcientious Nonſenſe as this. Every Man of Experience muſt confeſs, that Fruit is much ſweeter when obtained with ſome Difficulty, and that its being forbidden greatly increaſeth the Deſire of taſting. What made thoſe Apples which grew in the Garden of *Eden* ſo beautiful to the Eyes of *Eve*, that ſhe could not withſtand the luſcious Temptation, but her being abſolutely forbid to touch or taſte them on Pain of Death, and loſing her Innocence? And conſequently, as the ſame Providence has iſſued a Command, *That thou ſhalt not commit Adultery*, on Pain of eternal Death; it muſt make the Commiſſion of Adultery much more deſirable.

I could ſay much more to recommend this Virtue of Adultery; but, on ſurveying Mens Thoughts

Thoughts and Actions, I perceive that there are very few People who have any other Objection to it than, *Want of Opportunity.*

My next Command is,

If you ſhould happen to labour under Poverty, Affliction, &c. *ſhew your Reſentment by repining and exclaiming againſt Providence.*

THE Divines reaſon thus: Whatever our State and Condition be, it is that which is allotted us by Providence, and therefore is certainly the beſt for us; he being much better able to judge for us than we for ourſelves; and to be diſpleaſed or diſſatisfied with it, is as much as to ſay that we are wiſer than he.—If we thoroughly conſider the Vanity of all worldly Things, how very little there is in them while we poſſeſs them, and the Uncertainty of their Duration, we ſhould not think any of them much worth our deſiring, and therefore ſhould not be diſcontented without them. Would Men but be perſuaded to make their Nature and their Reaſon the Meaſure of their Wants, they might always live next Door to Satisfaction: Were

we to ſingle out whom we pleaſe, there are very few with whom we ſhould be willing to exchange Conditions, all Circumſtances conſidered. Such a Perſon, we may ſay, is very happy: But, if we deſcend to Particulars, we ſhould diſlike his Age, or his Perſon, or his Health, or his Abilities, or his Temper, or his Behaviour; ſo that we would rather chuſe to continue as we are, than make a thorough Exchange. There is no State of Life but is attended with many peculiar Diſadvantages of its own; and no Condition can make us happy, unleſs a Foundation be laid for it in the Regulation of our own Tempers. We may daily ſee ſeveral People, who have no conſiderable Advantages either of Fortune, Power, *&c.* are yet very eaſy and contented; and ſeveral, who poſſeſs them all, extremely diſcontented and miſerable. That,

If we are corrected with the Rod of Affliction, we muſt not only patiently endure it, but return unfeigned Thanks; for it is a Proof that Providence hath not given us over to our own Hearts Luſt, but that we are ſtill preſerved under the Wings of his Mercy. He corrects us

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as a tender Father would his Children, for our own Good; to draw us from the Paths of Death to the Paths of Life and Glory, &c.

But a Man of a Satan-like Spirit would ſay, If Providence beſtows Riches and Power upon thoſe leſs deſerving than myſelf, and ſuffers me to continue poor, and in Affliction, it is unreaſonable and unjuſt: And, though it is impoſſible to have my Grievances redreſſed, yet it affords me ſome Satisfaction to complain, and exclaim againſt ſuch partial Dealings.

My next and laſt Command is as follows:

Never loſe an Opportunity of making a witty Jeſt *or* Repartee, *whether* obſcene, blaſphemous, *or to the* irreparable Injury *of the* beſt *Friend you have in the World.*

Your grave Moraliſts will tell you, That Wit ſhould always lie under the Check of Reaſon: That *true Humour* generally looks ſerious, while every-body laughs about him; on the contrary, that *falſe Humour*, whilſt every one about him looks ſerious, is always laughing: Therefore *falſe* Humour differs from the *true*, as a

Monkey

Monkey does from a Man of ſound Reaſon; for as the Monkey is void of Reaſon, it purſues no Point, either of Morality or Inſtruction, but is ludicrous only for the Sake of being ſo; and he that can ſoar no higher muſt be merry where he *can*, not where he *ſhould*, becauſe he has but ſmall Talents: That the *falſe Humouriſt* is generally unlucky; inſomuch that he will bite the Hand that feeds him, and endeavour to ridicule both Friends and Foes, without Diſtinction: It is all one to him whether he expoſes by it Vice and Folly, Luxury and Avarice, or, on the contrary, Virtue and Wiſdom, Temperance and Poverty; and when ſome abſurd, inconſiſtent Idea enters his Brain, he utters it with an exceſſive loud Laughter at his own Invention, in which he ſeldom gets any Company to join with him.

They will alſo tell ye, That were the Talent of Ridicule employed to laugh Men out of Vice and Folly, it might be of ſome Uſe to the World; but inſtead of this, it is generally made uſe of to laugh Men out of Virtue and good Senſe, by attacking every Thing that is ſolemn, ſerious, decent, and Praiſe-worthy; and therefore it may always be obſerved, that the Talent of turning Religion into Ridicule, and expoſing

thoſe

thoſe we converſe with to Laughter and Contempt, is the Qualification of little ungenerous Souls: For it is a baſe Thing to paſs over the Virtues and valuable Parts of a Man, and fix our Attention only on his Infirmities and Imperfections: And, that to be *obſcene* and *blaſphemous*, merely to be accounted *witty*, is prefering the vain Applauſe of Men before the Approbation of the Almighty; and meriting eternal Damnation, to gratify the ridiculous Deſire of being deemed *Men of Parts*.

And a certain great Poet, who, when on Earth, was a profeſſed Enemy of mine, and is now an Inhabitant in the *Elyſian Fields*, has left Directions behind him, That,

For vain Applauſe tranſgreſs not Virtue's Rules:
A witty Sinner is the worſt of Fools.

I need not produce many Arguments to prove the Folly of ſuch Reaſoning; for any Man of Parts muſt be very ſenſible, that there can be no *brilliant Jeſt* without a little decent *Smut* or *Blaſphemy*, or expoſing other Peoples Deformities and Vices to publick Cenſure by a *double Entendre*.

In ſhort, any Perſon that has the leaſt Tincture of Politeneſs, had much rather be thought

witty

witty than *religious*, *chaſte*, or *good-natured*; which affords me infinite Pleaſure. However, they are not yet arrived to that Perfection, but there is Room for them to improve; and, for their Encouragement, I hereby promiſe them a Reſidence in the politeſt Place in Hell; where they may ſit and behold me and my aſſiſtant Devils torment my Subjects, and make witty *Bon-Mots* and *Repartees*, on the Manner of their *ſhrieking* and *groaning*; and I doubt not but they themſelves will breathe forth their Groans with a *genteel Air*, and join in the *infernal* Concert like *Gentlemen of Parts*.

I WOULD enlarge upon this Subject, but the Time approaches when I promiſed to meet my Lords in Council, to conſult on the Infliction of ſome new-invented Tortures; therefore hope you will excuſe my telling you ſo ſoon, that

I am, &c.

BELZEBUB.